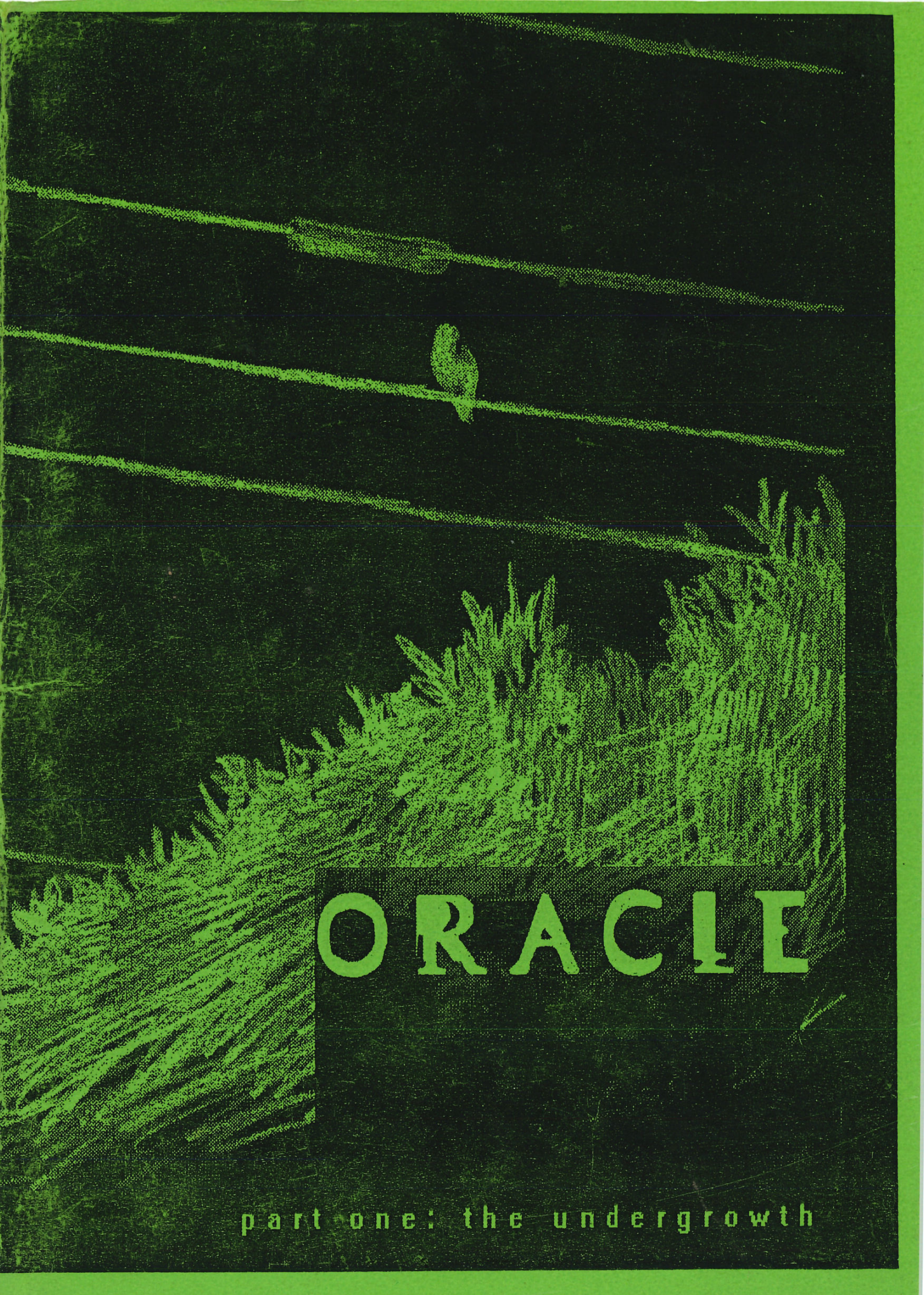




ORACLE

part one: the undergrowth



Oracle #1: the undergrowth
a verbzine.

created by Tim Parish 2002

"Language turns our minds into exploration vehicles in design space... in a very real sense. Language makes (our minds) into a sort of time machine that allows us to see into the future and way into the past and to reflect on everything we can see in either direction."

-Daniel Dennett, evolutionary philosopher

[A few months ago.]

It was a hot day to work the gardens. Season hadn't been rostered on for a while and she missed the place. It had been about a month since her work experience had last shifted and over six since she'd worked at the local farm. It didn't take long to feel at home though. Riley, the supervisor that had taught her was still there, developing some new wing to the fresh ecology. A typically ambitious project that he was waiting for the next wave of studentworkers to help with.

Past the far corner a new block of land had been marked with four water towers.

"Whats the plan?" she asked as the Electrobus approached the perimeter of the land. The geodesic dome loomed on the distance, newly finished, it's raincatcher already collecting moisture from the air.

"Were going to create a paradise, of course." Riley replied, motioning toward the desert they were passing that had been left salinated and dry. His dry smile betrayed the irony of his comment. This land had been a beautiful rainforest once, before endless growth, that is. Now it was desert.

"Again?" she played along. "I thought we did that last time."

"Well, paradise has many facets Season. The only limit is your imagination."

"And here I was thinking it was just a state of mind."

"Sure it is, but we can project that state of mind into the world around us can't we? Isn't that what all art is about?" That's right, everything's an artform, even eco-regen. He knew how to tap into her passions.

"That's why I love working with you Riley. Where do we begin?"

The details of the project were shared....

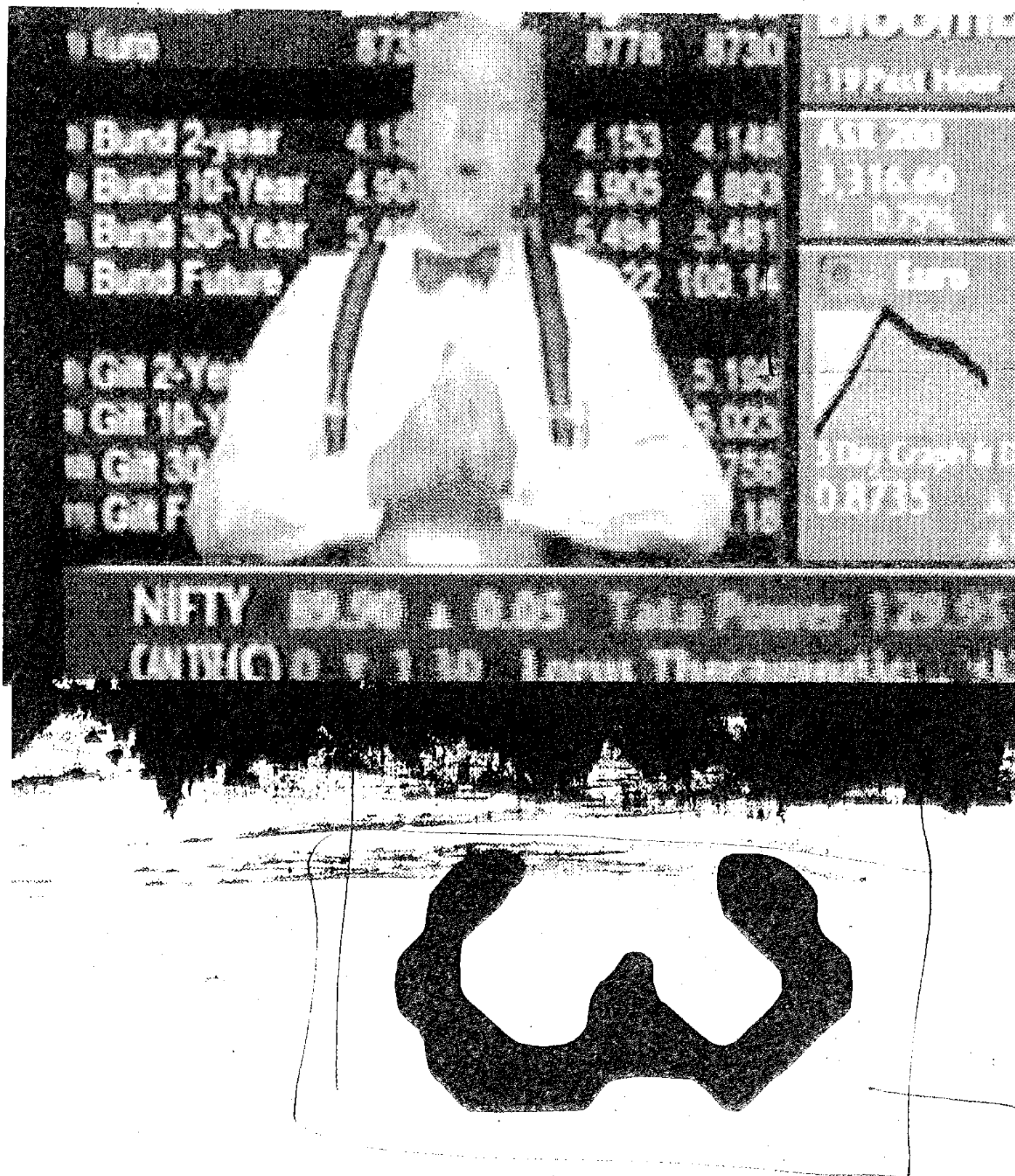


1 They descended onto the crop circles under the hidden view of the stars shadow; pacifist commandos on a mission ordered by Mr. Ludd himself, channeled through their television avatar, inspired by fairy tales of spiritual anarchists from eras past.

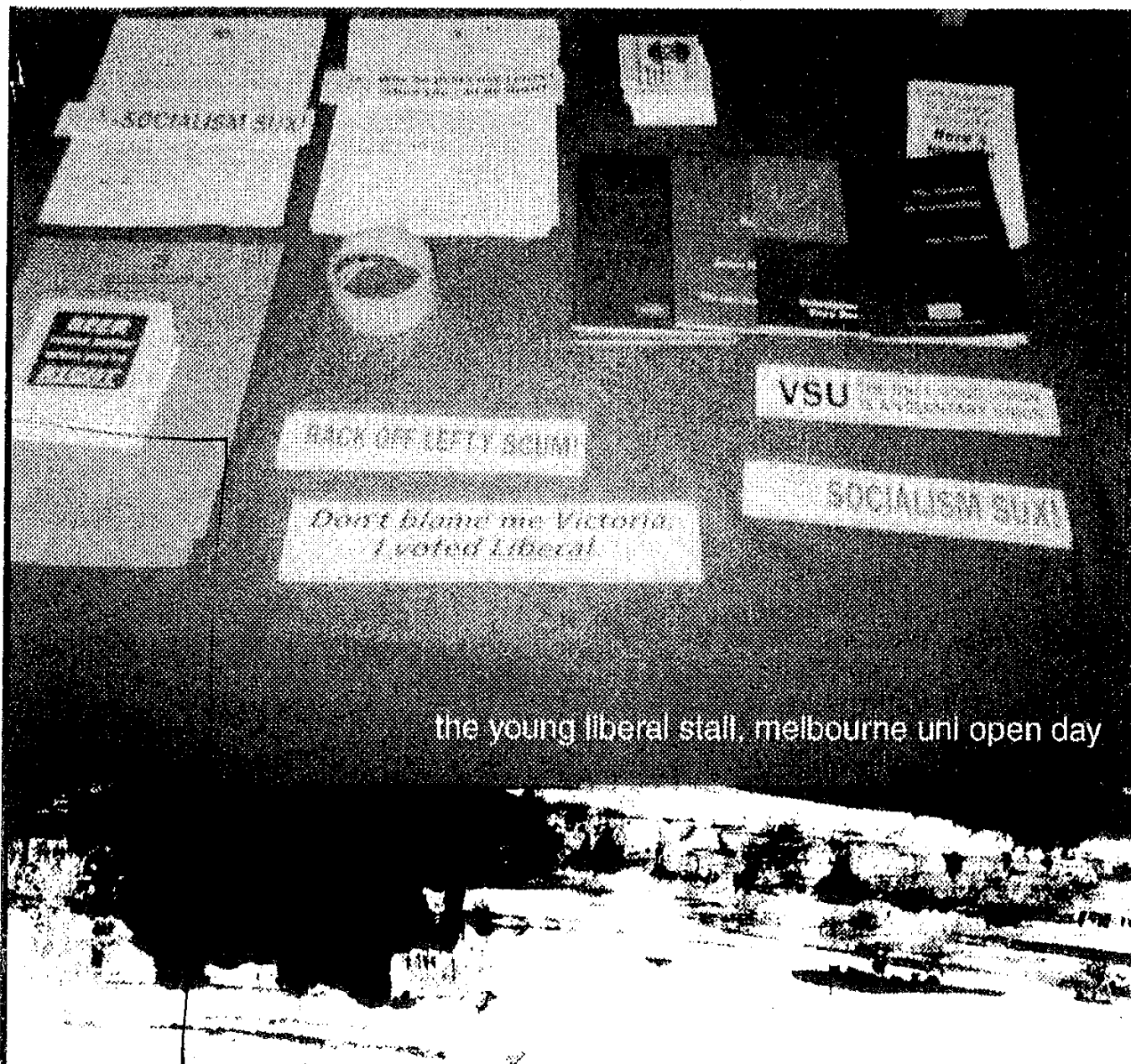
Drive In
**POPCORN
CHICKEN
IS BACK**

2

The Big Brother surveillance grid was only down for a thousand microbeats and the metronome was already swinging as the team leader had uttered the code to commence the action:
"Live without dead time."



Electricity vacuum aura fields made them invisible to the robot radar, letting them cut through the livewire woven fence. Then they were inside, under a moonless sky, five lunatics with a manifesto of ecology.



the young liberal stall, melbourne uni open day

4

Stretched out before them where the monoculture breeding fields. Manufactured organisms of social technology: flawless, uniform, artificial, genengineered. They pulsed with the radiation of cathode ray tubes set to the dead channel. Made sleeping sounds of muzak. Smelled like hospital disinfectant. A robot nursery of mass production. Battery farm of entertainment industry, creating illusions to distract the bourgeois billions.

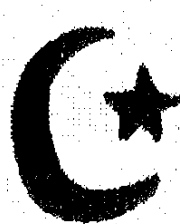
A History of Religious Symbols



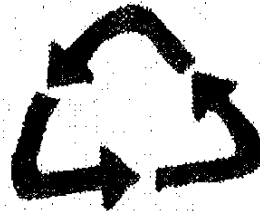
1000 B.C.



0



700 A.D.



1997 A.D.
A.T.A.S.

Silently the missionaries took from their backpacks a hose spray and commenced to douse the plants in fluid. They had brought a mixture of organic memes and LSD solution designed to mutate the seeds before they had become set in their ways..

Of course, they knew this was only one farm of thousands, but they knew the new plants would replicate and spread from here. The ideas, just a helping hand in the evolutionary process of the culture jam.

Hidden in a darkened auditorium the medium whispered to me secrets...

"The key is telepathy," she told me "It exists like every other super power myth. It is the instinct we engage every time I look in your window's soul and hear codes of language noise within me, and somewhere within neutral neurones a safe is cracked with password keys of new idea like a bouncing ball between our play."

As she spoke I began to see for the first time between the holy grail of our profiles hovered an energy, ripe for sculpting with meaning + message.
A golden thread connecting us like invisible optic wiring, or electricity in the atmosphere.

"Sometimes I think we are just host bodies to the brief lives of this dialogue, larger than we could ever know. Our conversation is evolution winding its path memetic as it flows in psychic communion, makeshift shapeshifting like a riverland erosion of untouched recollection remembered - suddenly a dream of truth open and exposed, like nudity, like challenging gravity, a connection dial up to the cosmic ISP, from you to me into we."

And the proxy editor laughed at my sincerity while a Taoist filmmaker with dreadlocks played hackysack in the courtyard of education and I swallowed coffee like fuel for my art, thinking: we need to research the science of communication, to harness this digital weaponry and spread the earth's word.
Weapons of mass communication, not destruction.

Strip it all back, and our best media is still spoken word, acoustic and first person, archaic and timeless as whisper.

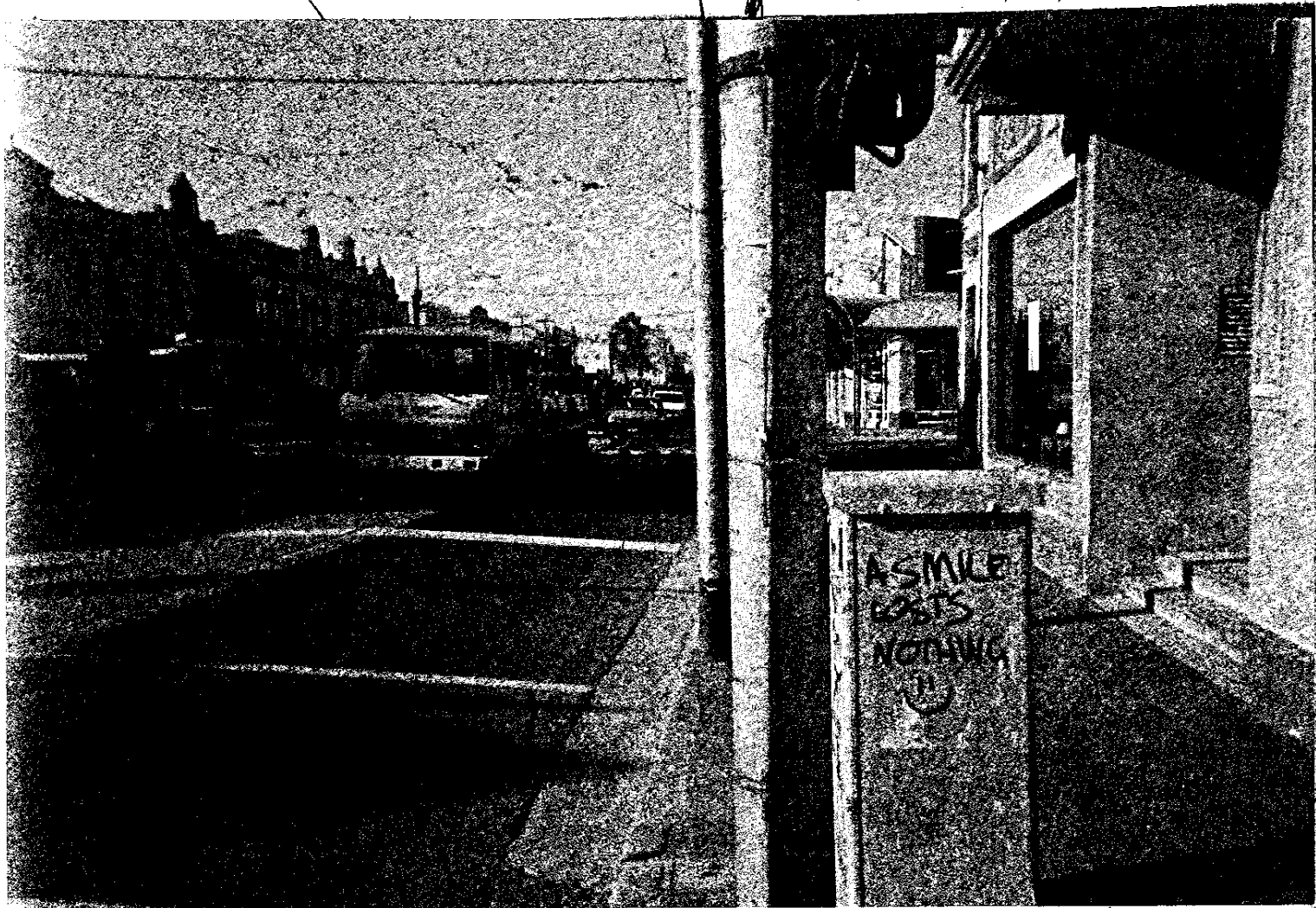
Free and autonomous from the electronica spiderweb is the organic ether of one to one broadcast through vocal cords.

True as the secret of socialism: *sharing*.
honest as *me* telling *you* my belief
and *you* telling *me*
your truth

Then she wept the next breath;
Awake and individualist,
Knowing never complete community was ever possible,
Despite our makeshift kindred games of anarchy
Mixing rivers of thought like self awareness
washing over
through
between
amidst.

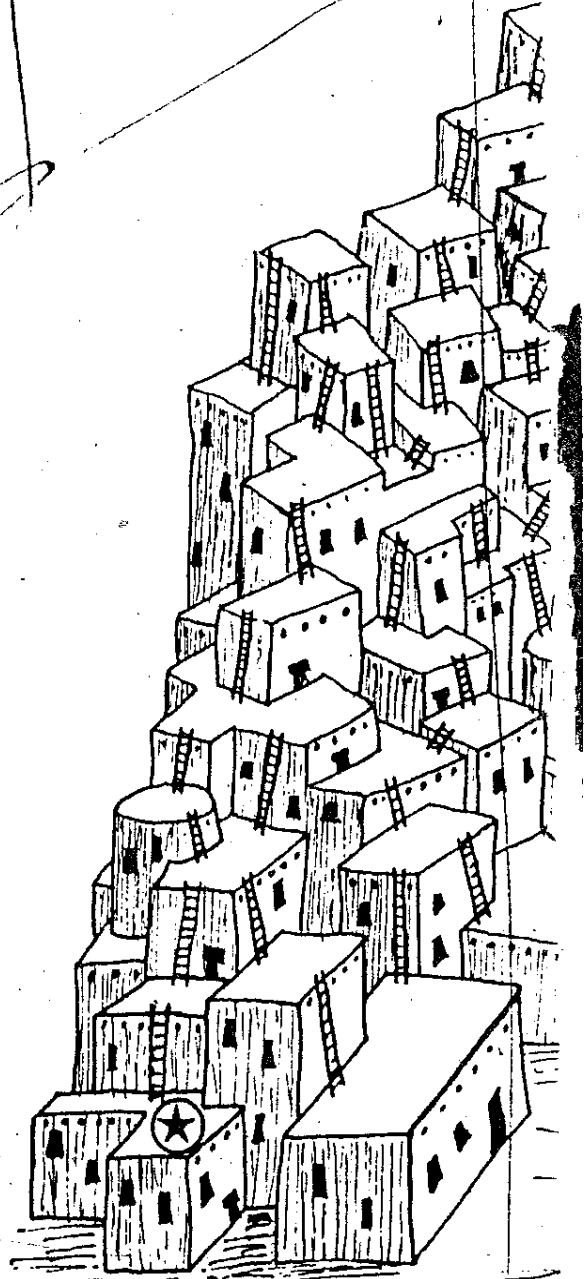
(all the while.)

our ideas kissed



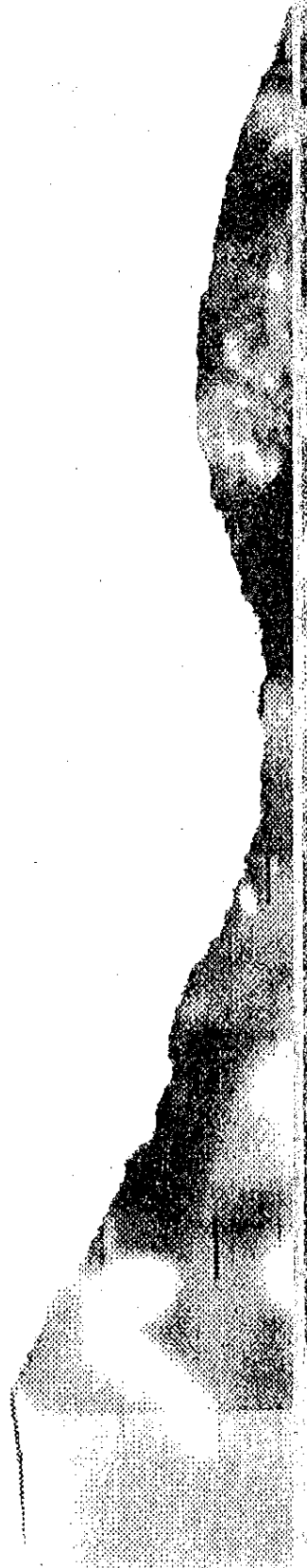
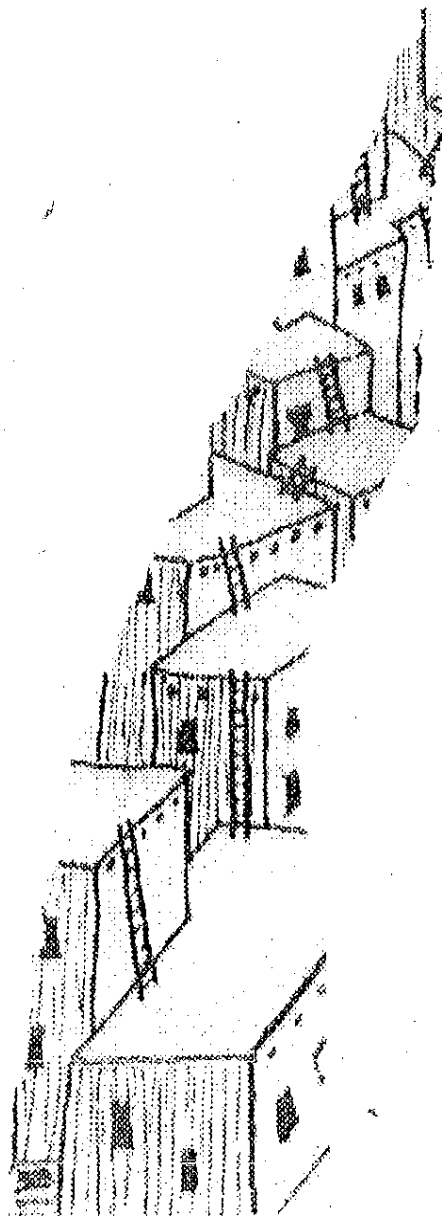
lygon st, Brunswick march 2002.

se



Urban sprawl covers half the planet but some suburbs are beginning to evolve. Radical fringe neighbourhood councils decide to abolish roads and set up cooperative solar utilities for their power. Fences give way to create large tracts of permaculture instead of backyards. Only electric hybrid bicycle/cars can be driven on the pathways. People ride to the nearest transit centre which connects them to the world when they need to there. But mostly they're happy to work and play in their communities.

Some towns choose to create environmental policy that only allows native animals into the home in the new village wildlife domestication policy. Proper Habitat requirements restrict feeding the animals except through developing the ecosystem and ban fences altogether. The animals are free to come and go through the city. Kangaroos and possums have become the favourite of the new Australian animal/human family.





Inside the vertical cities the buzz never stops, but people are leaving in droves as fast as they are born. Although rent is astronomically high, empty blocks are everywhere. Mercenary squatters are employed by the Poetic Terrorist Foundation to reinhabit the empty termite towers - continue the lifespan of the almost extinct industrial organism, retrofitting them from within, evolving new skins.

Twilight, 2012.

A cafe dangling on the edge of the world. Sitting in the corner, drinking chai and divine sage, peaking on sacred mushroom quiche were two revolutionaries, sporting message sticks that look like mobile phones and plotting overthrow, not of the transitory government, but of their own states of being.

He was looking out the window at the mountains, still on fire from the dawn's excess as satellites perform synchronised ballet in the starry starry night to the tunes of blue danube and jungle music.

"You see, there's this tunnel stretching out through eternity that is the time machine." He whispered urgently to his compatriot in coded words. "Energy is just a passenger of matter and space."

"I thought life was the passenger?" she responded.

"No." He said shaking his head but not breaking eye contact. "You see, LIFE is it's FUEL. A renewable reservoir of consciousness, reincarnated in every generations' dream. Death is a pitstop at the aurora borealis where souls converge in a transit lounge of shimmering unstable molecules..."

On the tabletop, littered amongst organic literature, microchips and humous dips, a literary bug listens intently to the dialogue, transmitting their conversation to the ether - a one way channel of soundwave and light aromas. They realise that they are being monitored but continue regardless, revelling in the mystical attention they are drawing to their words.

She responds:

"Fuck your theory of gameplay - let's bomb the capital with petals, it's the only way I tell you."

"Sure, but what then? You know the TV stations are all run by demons - they'll never let us broadcast it to their empire of distaste. Last night I watched a religion of apathy ignore the plight of nature's refugees - and it never even made the rumours news."

Outside on the street dogs were humping solar cars and teachers were waiting for their classrooms to be rebuilt with mudbrick. The police car lay silent amidst the entropy of power, but the icecream van was doing roaring trade.

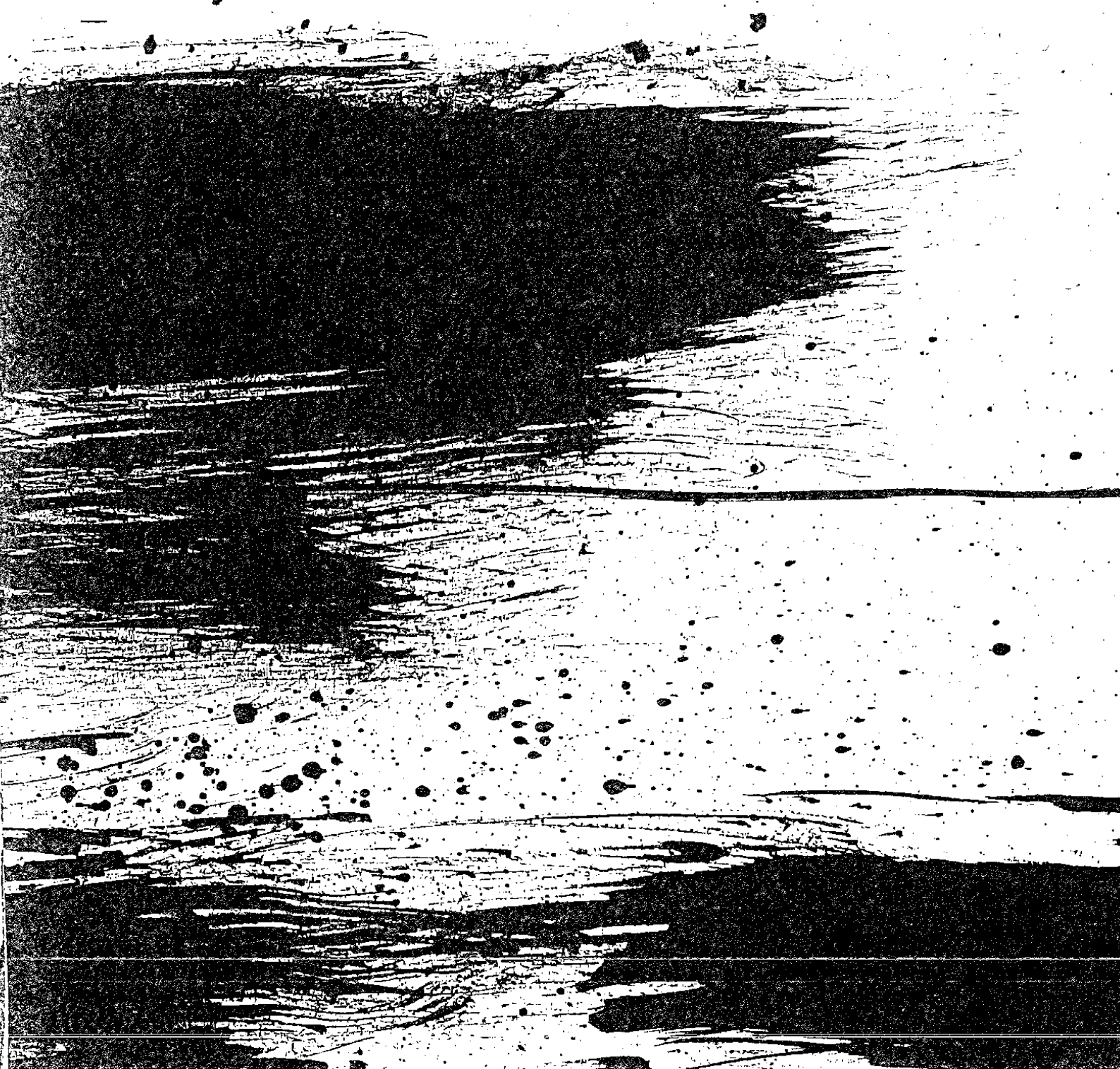


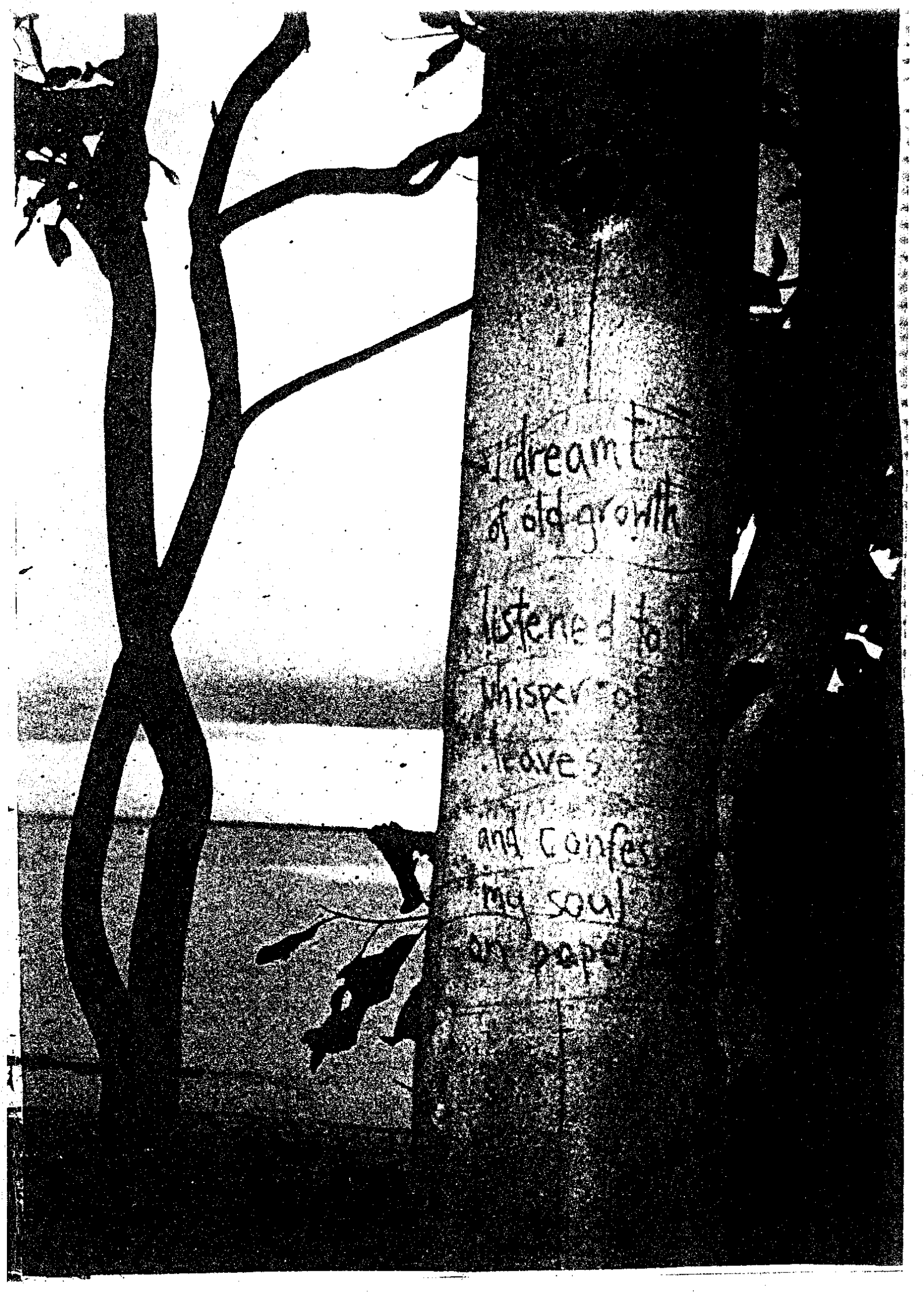
And just then, as if alerted by some intuitive alarm, they exchanged a look of telepathy. It was time. They knew it from the sirens song calling from the sky. Time to trust in reincarnation. Time to make more time from the cogs of the broken digital watches. Time to Be elsewhere.

She pulled from her heartstring purse two keys, one of silicone and the other of soybean texture, then swiftly threw them at the wall where two portals appeared like swimming pools, rippling in motion.

"One leads to the past mistakes," she told him "the other to a future that will never come. In which dimension do you want to be?"

"Here and Now" He laughed, kissing the air as he did. Diving into reality, knowing; they would somewhere and somewhen meet again.





I dreamt
of old growth

listened to
whisper of
leaves

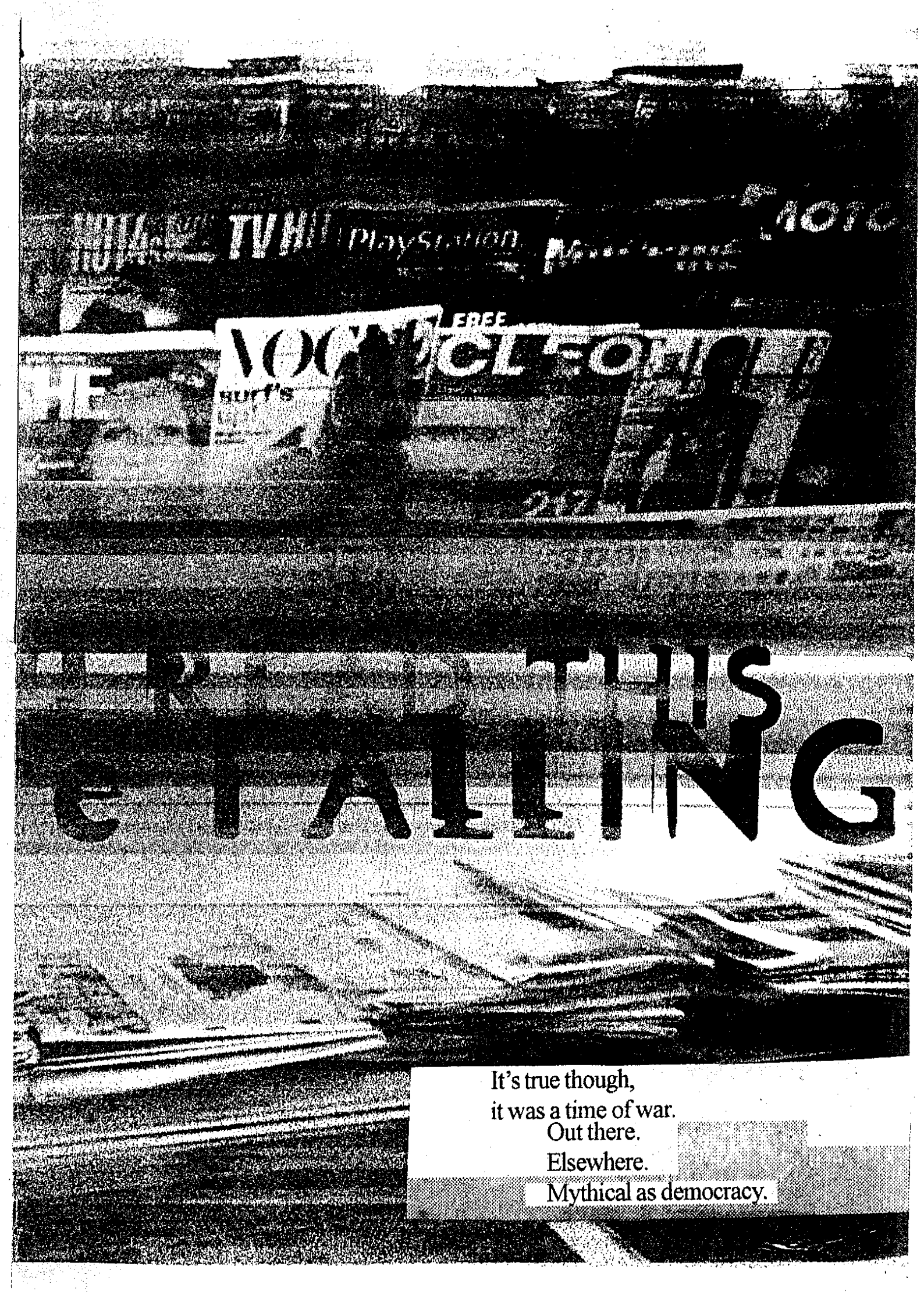
and confes
my soul
on paper

The corporate cultures studied 'the art of war' by sun tzu
like it was a bible of their trade.
They live self imposed prisons of materialism,
obey heirarchies of profit and loss.

"The world is your oyster" goes the saying
but what if there is only one pearl?

TKLESA





It's true though,
it was a time of war.
Out there.
Elsewhere.
Mythical as democracy.

Somewhere, amongst the thicket of ancient growth lay silent spirits of the wilderness being transformed into dollar product bills and emailed in zip files to the consumers of another world for ten cents a ton, leaving the organisms they fed left without the language tool to protest their emptiness of habitat. The machine was sending more cogs this time, paying them off with fools gold and illusory purpose to erect new checkpoints on the border posts of the natures soul, intent on their myth of job security. Bulldozers trained like pitbulls, rolling out the carpet of progress. The tainted bitumen straitjacket of an over-conquered land.



Meanwhile, hiding in plain sight, not underground, but in the undergrowth, volunteer outcasts of autonomy were making plans to scatter the streets blockade. Empaths organising petitions of non-violence. Children of only yesterday attempting to reclaim what the bureaucracy built in their name. Knowing to avoid the industry autobahn, they found new streams of consciousness to re-route in their journey to the endangered coup. Sleeping in teepees running on windfarm byproduct and tactical media hubs nestled in the moss covered relics of the endangered forest floor, engaging archaic radio soft tech, aerals tied between the trees, to transmit their beautiful code of dissent.

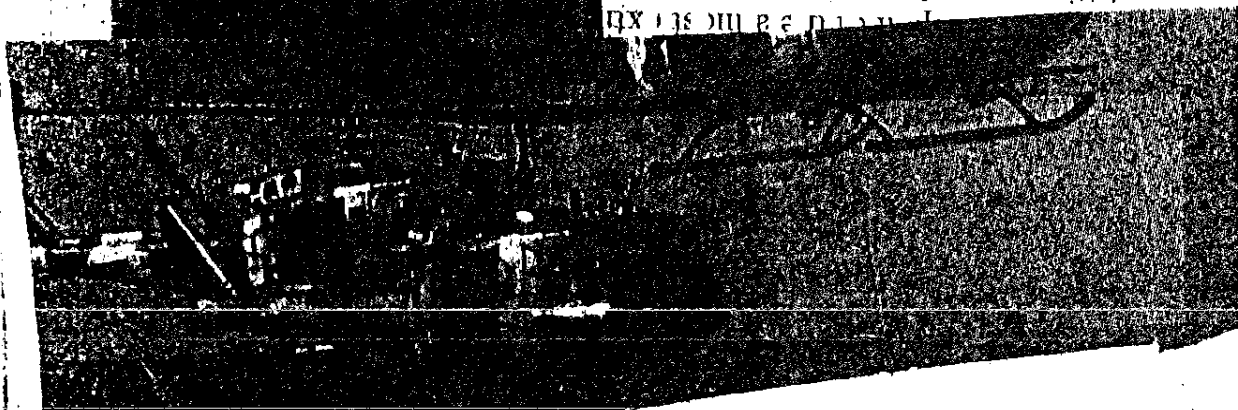
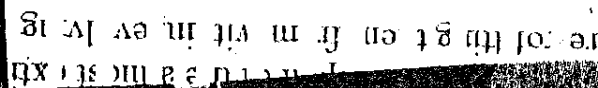
They knew it was a game that mattered more than any reality tv show. Even their tourists were accidental war correspondents capturing snapshots of the light under the canopy and carrying it by hand to the digital satellites in the citysphere to replicate and redistribute through the intellectual economy of indymedia.



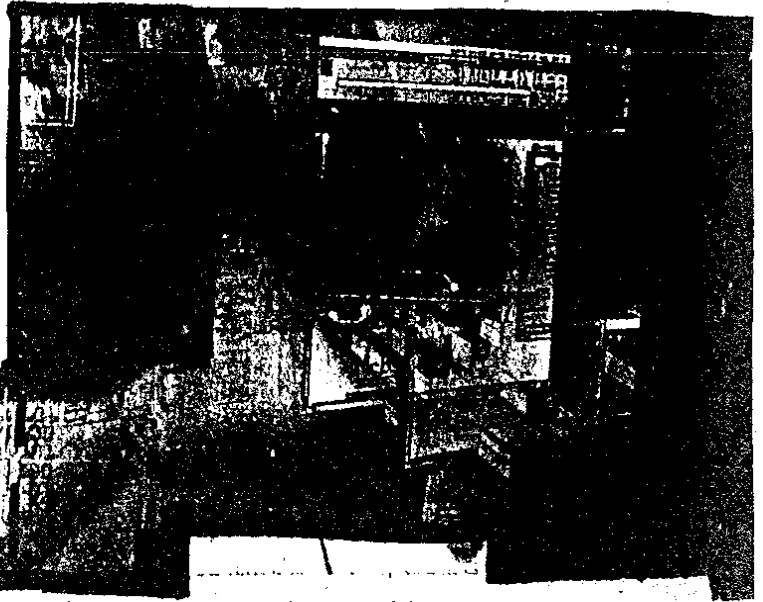
This was the free-radical global currency, where every solution was a weapon against the monopoly cartel of consensus reality. Knowing; beyond the illusion of the latest blockbuster campaign or the distractions of celebrity spectacle, the information technology that had been called revolution was hosting tales of atrocity and angry needlessness. Broadcast in digital binaries all around but out of sight and out of mind.

“The more you own, the more tendrils they will have over you.” Reads their latest communique. It goes on to say that they want us to realise that Hell exists, and it is a state of mind.

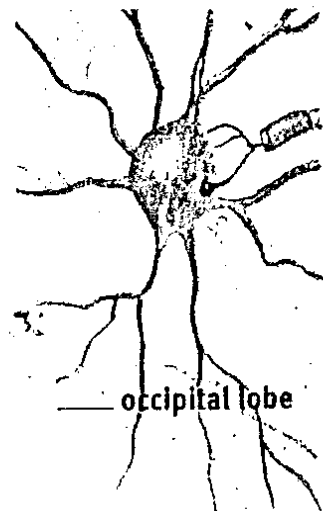
"Casualties have been high" joked a senior police soldier.



At the mall of the world the upper caste children flock to the clubs that are becoming the new mass entertainment. Halfway between an amusement arcade and an occult ceremony, fifteen year olds without the technofetish vaccine take sacred chemicals worshipping decadence and enjoy the outer body experience of violence desensitised. When they get old enough they are allowed to joinmove up to the casino churches and join their parents feeding carbon credits into new anaesthetic addictions or jacking in to the porno worlds and jacking off to a machine.



They say aliens have been trying to communicate with us through our dreams for over a century. They fear that we are going to destroy their favourite cosmic nature reserve and have decided to breach their policy of non-intervention before it is too late. However, due to overdoses of cathode radiation, not many people are dreaming anymore. Rumour has it they are now planning to buy the major media outlets.



Someone says they've invented a new kind of cash register that writes scripts instead of receipts. Hollywood already owns the rights to the first one thousand screenplays, but the robot writers of california have already formed a union to protest.

our 10 ar
oy th ir
en pe ic

one o ve do es of
R mear as
aj on ed to th is

the brainwash



While virtuality was hailed as interactive experiential media, people missed the soma of being mere audience to spectacle. They didn't necessarily want to interact with the form. After the first generation virtuality codeworlds, the next generation took this on, utilizing the technology, not to create a coherent reality, but a completely mindconsuming space, completely immersive, where individual thought was overwhelmed by pure sensation. This became known as The Brainwash. The latest entertainment designed to consume bored minds for days at a time. Initially developed for education purposes, the technology was shelved as teachers realised it encoded information into the students rather than them actually learning. Of course, for many people this was exactly what they wanted from the technology. Corporations would use it to train new employee drones, and dark art musicians like the apocalyptic pop band "Death of Nature" would use it as their pulpit, inspiring new cults of negative energy.



INPUT

Like the human brain, the computer must be given the problem and the information it needs to solve. Feeding such data to the machine is called "input."

love and hate
life and death
dream and reality
peace and war
east and west
capitalist and communist
left and right
man and machine
estrogen and testosterone
positron and electron
treble and bass
black and white
yin and yang

PEDESTAL TIME

RIGHT

is too simple

PEDESTRIAN

LEFT

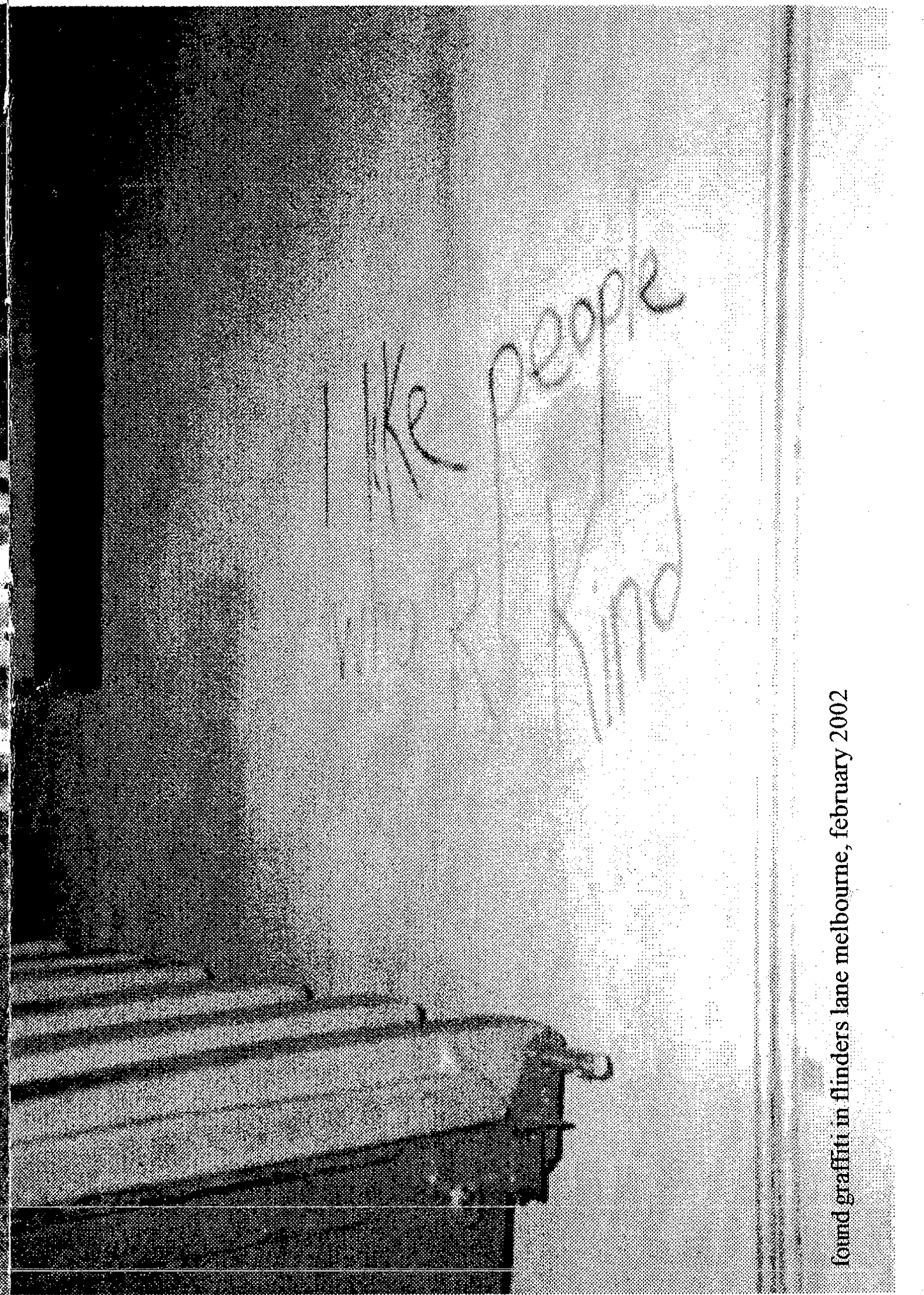
its an early winter twilight as i step out onto the streetscape
body wrapped in layers of cloth
Around me figures budding from the crisp climate
as delta blues slide guitar echoes up the avenue from central station
free sounds weaving between the rythm of our feet
a tram squeals unloading its passengers
now fellow pedestrians passing me like strangers covering their skirt from
the light cool rain that almost tickles as it touches down my face
a sudden elemental wind spirits through the corridor of buildings
rising and sweeping the leaves fallen and speckled on the pavement
since autumn did its job well
as if on cue pigeons en masse take flight overhead
like spontaneous choir passing from view
And im left here

Still

Breathing only moonlight oxygen
Outgoing air condensing like ghost traces of what was once my lifesource
Evaporating amongst the blood rush of the citys restless soul
Consumed with its business of busyness

I am briefly witness

and then i too go on with my business



found graffiti in flinders lane melbourne, february 2002

Butterflies are officially extinct. They were accidentally wiped out by an introduced genovirus that is safe for humans but apparently lethal to all insects that use cocoons. On a brighter note, Technologists hope to introduce a new bio-insect that will replace the pretty insects so your children need not miss out on viewing the beauty of nature. Tests in ecodomes have not warranted any fear of impact to the lifeweb. Sales begin next spring.

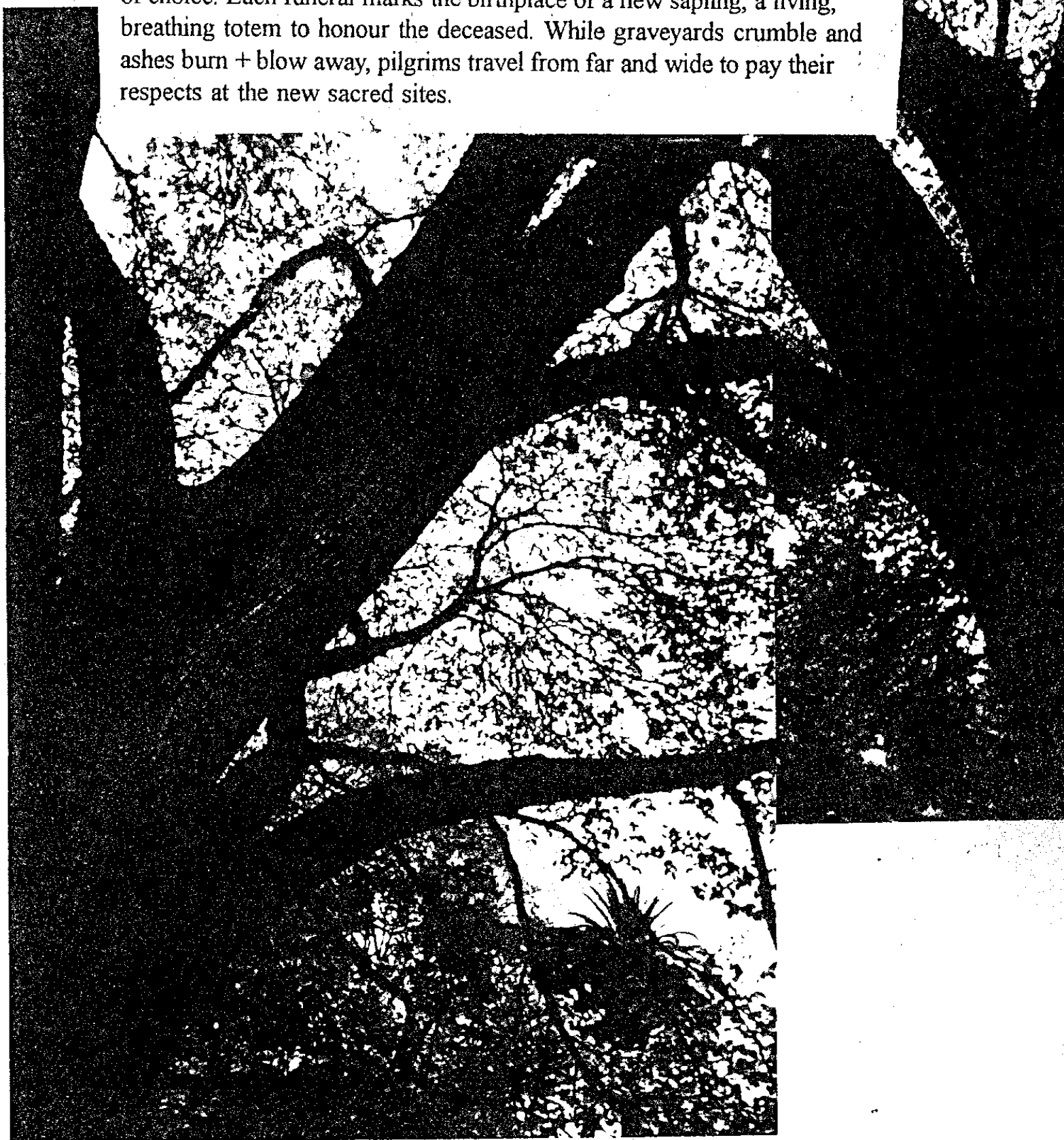




An advertisement comes on selling voodoo celebrity sex dolls on the shopping network. Television stars apparently sell their fingernails, hair, spit, blood and love juice to the geneticist witch doctors for unlimited royalties and eternal syndication of their soul.



On the outskirts of metropolis, the David Suzuki forestry projects continue to expand as more and more citizens make it their burial ground of choice. Each funeral marks the birthplace of a new sapling, a living, breathing totem to honour the deceased. While graveyards crumble and ashes burn + blow away, pilgrims travel from far and wide to pay their respects at the new sacred sites.



stubs

It had been six months since I had begun studying at the Solstice Institute. In that time I had learnt much of the magics that permeated throughout our world. The invisible energies all around us becoming clear as day.

At first we needed to learn how to recognise it. How to see through things, to understand their function, their makeup. And how it related to everything else. Sensory Perception as an artform. That was where Andrea Huxley came in as our guide. Her courses covered everything from the alchemy of the four elements, to the explorations of body, mind and soul, dynamics of creation and destruction (art and change), science as dualistic sister to magic, and much more. The basis of mystical understanding. But it was not only theory we were taught at this school. Every idea was accompanied by our own experiments and self devised projects. Everything becomes more clear in respect to its polarity. Theory and action. Doing and Being. Zen and Zazen. Learning and Teaching. Breathing in and breathing out.

Only once we had begun to truly see could we begin to learn the skills of utilising the powers that knowledge contained. Only once we understood the beauty of the game did we dare to even practice what we knew. Huxley likened it to drinking from the fountain of the universe, refreshing our souls so we could go further in our travels. This is what I have just begun to learn.

Now I am again working the Permacultures, it feels good to be amongst the soil again. My hands fresh and worn by the end of day. Callused and toughening, they feel happy to be of use. After spending so many months working mindscape, it is refreshing to again make contact with the natural world in such primacy. Rehabilitating the land, they call us 'Greeners'. Flowering the desertification zones with our new soft tech philosophies of growth.

Riley is our Guide in this field, teaching us the method of regrowth and its underlying philosophy. He was a professor at the Mollison Institute for ten years, but decided he wanted to get back out into the field more than just two days a week. His plan for the new aqua-system is brilliant. He is an inspiration to all of us in the plant sciences, a true genius of crafted ecology. As the first day went on he explained geomancy systems for this mountain region. Apparently they were once called the Blue Mountains he told us. "But for now we'll just try to make them green again."

All water from the new raincatchers will dripfeed the companion plantfarm/forest and excess water will feed slowly down the valley, merging into a streams sparking small hydroelectricity engines to generate power reinvested in the loop. Before we fill the highest dam we are sealing off one end which shall be a semi-underground classroom for the Insitute. One wall underwater, the other looking over the valley. I suggest we place a few sculptures in the lake as well. Artificial reefs of art for the scuba harvesters to enjoy. When they dive down to collect the Aquarian farm produce they'll appreciate the installation. The team approved my plan. We start next week and should be finished in two months.

Work on the farm is only a few days a week. The rest of the time maintains the development of Consciousness Studies. Huxley has told us to prepare for an excursion this afternoon which I am looking forward to. Field trips are always the most eye opening experiences.

"Reality is made up your awareness of it. Each of us exist within our own dimension of thoughts, feeling, memories and ideas. We coexist in these dimensions every day, none completely aware of the reality perceived by others. We do share our worlds often of course. Everytime we speak and communicate. Everything we do and create is apart of our dialogue with existence. This is the conversation of consciousness and life."

Huxley was giving a lecture on Non-Ordinary Perception:

"What we experience every second of the day is only a fraction of the information we are confronted with as a being. We only perceive consciously the energies our five material senses allow us to perceive. Meanwhile radio waves are travelling through your entire being, cells in your body are allowing you to breath and digest food without conscious knowledge of their existence or control of them.

"If we were able to sense all of this information our mind would not be able to focus properly on the function of actually being an animal. Hunting. Eating. Mating. That is our biological imperative. Humankind is unique in its evolutionary gift of information harvesting and crosspollination, but this is secondary to our need as biological organisms. The senses are as much a shield of consciousness as they are our windows to the universe. Remember that."

My eyes were closed as I listened to these words, as were those of all the students. As I heard them I went through the visual meditation that we had learnt, trying to focus on each sense individually as I did. The sound of Huxley's voice was calm. Her smooth tempo radiated a serene wisdom that inspired the trust which every Guide must maintain. I could also hear my breaths, slow deliberate inhalations. Holding for a moment. Letting it out. I pictured the new air circulating through my lung capillaries, oxidising my blood. And then the carbon dioxide exhaling, cleansed of the fuel I needed to exist, and joining the sea of clean air around me.

I could hear the whisper of the leaves in the trees around us, spurred on by the wind that we sheltered from, as if engaged in some kind collusion of nature. Above the sound of the leaves were the birds, two or three only. Singing to each other. Perhaps vying for a mate, or merely playing with their gift of song.

My hands were cupped in my lap, as I sat cross-legged, the fingertips always the most sensitive touch. But I also felt the ground beneath me. Grassy. Organic. Friendly.

Sweat still drying on my back was now cooling. I stretched my toes, glad to be free of my sandals after our short trek. I had noticed the smell of my feet as I had taken them off, but now it was merely a whiff, another flavour absorbed into the atmosphere. In my mouth I could still taste the fresh orange I had drank from a few minutes ago, its vitamins in my stomach, and spreading, slowly.

Huxley continued:

"today I will teach you a new visualisation exercise. As with the others, this is merely a suggestive process. A way of trying to use your imagination to perceive things that you may already know in your mind, yet do not understand fully. Through practise we can slowly become more aware of these states on a day to day level and progress onto more elaborate uses for the meditative period of the day. For now however, you might find it a useful tool."



Now.

I emptied my mind of the sensual thoughts I had been focussing on. Waiting for her to continue.

"Imagine now, matter. See in your mind the visual dimension around us that you can sense without your sight. Our eyes see everything in relation to the light that is reaching them and distract us from the objects themselves. Reach outside this realm as if you could hear the world in sonar. Feel the objects without your touch. Know that they are there. See the air that surrounds you. Know that there is nowhere that is not full of something. There is no nothing.

Now visualise the molecules as shimmering energy fields. They are each made of atoms, combining to form elements, combining at different levels of vibration and proximity. See the universe in its diffuse sea of these building blocks. See how they are all the one. Include yourself in this picture.

Intermingling with the physical energy, watch the powerful radiations that transform the space in various ways. See the sound that I am emanating. Imagine it not just in your ears but in those of your friends. Behind me. All around us. Slowly diffusing like the ripples of a lake until they are absorbed or overpowered by larger ripples. Feel the heat on your skin and understand its entropy radiating from the sun. Colliding with the heat from your body. Give colours to these different states if necessary. It will help to attempt to separate them in your mind, because upon these first two layers we now see electromagnetic waves. Radio frequency. A band of controlled waves outside of our senses which we have machines to send and receive. Each of these energies coexisting amongst the shimmering field. They are layers of reality that we inhabit without a thought, each magical in their own fashion. But also as ordinary as sunny day. Meditate on that for a second.

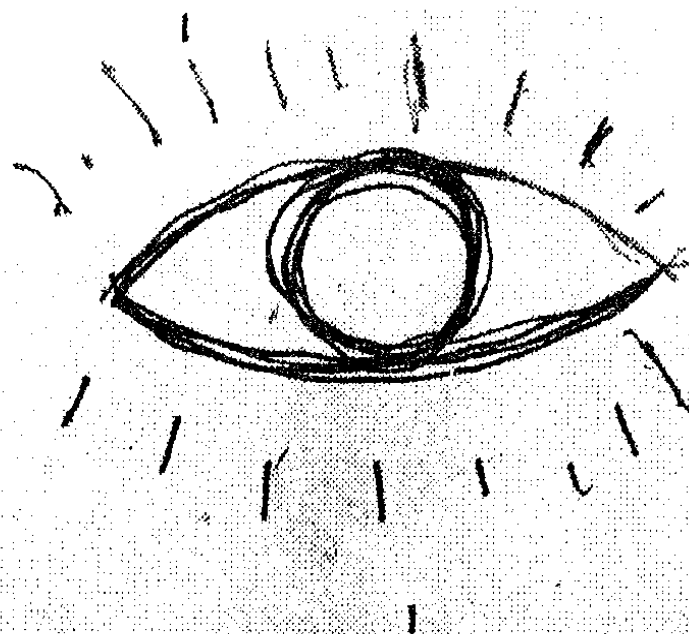
Now step back from yourself as a self and look at how you interact with the world. A different kind of energy that animates your body. An electricity of life and thought coexisting as spirit within the physical plane. The body your avatar for your essence so that it may express and do and be here, listening to this explanation to itself about what it is. Your altar. Your spirits host. Your gift of birth. Your being.

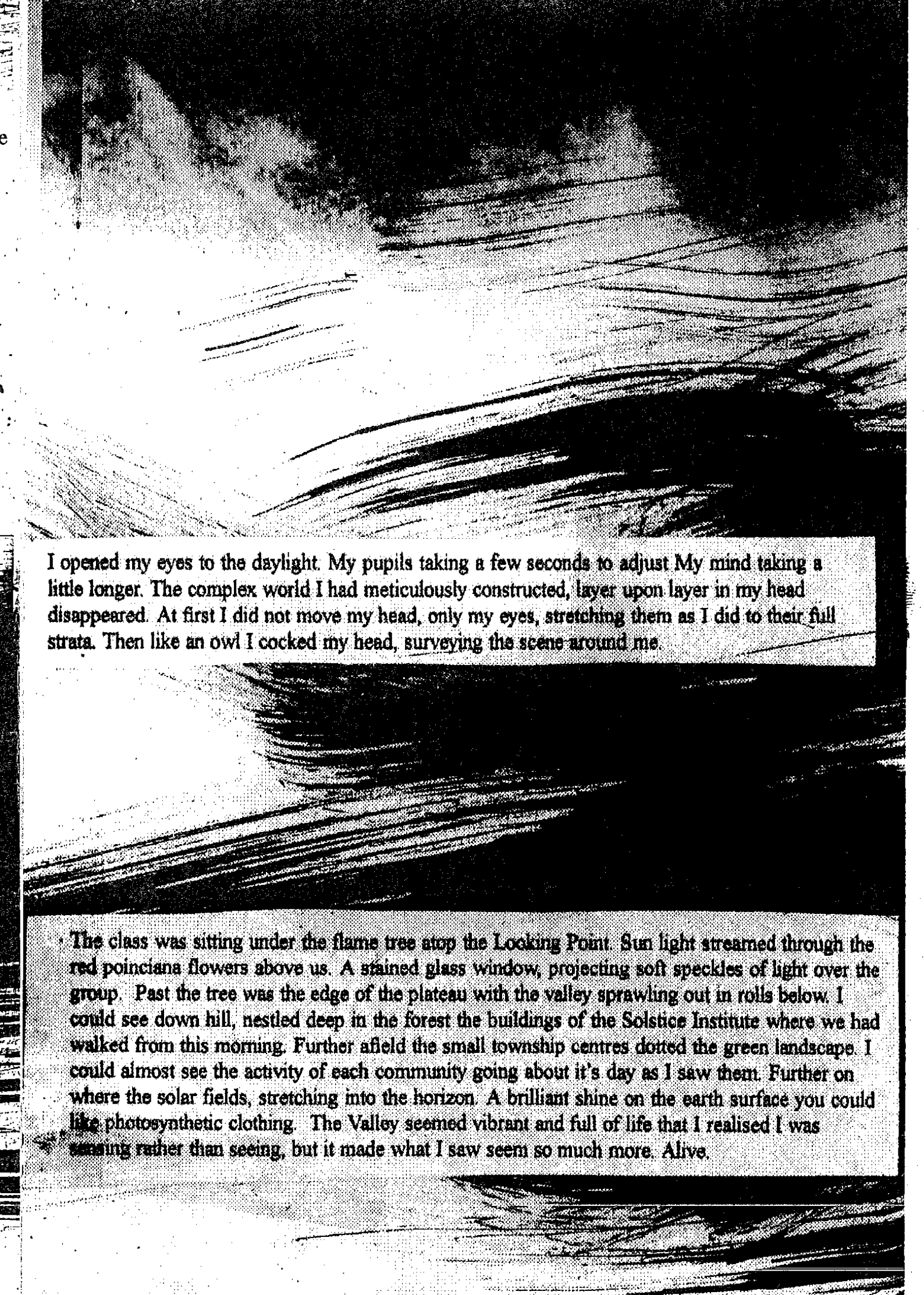
Now imagine outside the cell of the individual. Through history, through culture, through species, through DNA. Focus on the evolutionary technology that has brought you to this time and place, in this state. And in that same thought of the passing on of genetic knowledge, think again of what I am saying. Words. Ideas. Concepts. Passed down from generation to next, imagine theories evolving as does technology, as does biology, as does our mind through it's life. Right now we are all in the same state of consciousness. It is collective and shared, but it is simultaneously individual and unique.

Watch the passage of time as it winds like the river from which we drink. Watch it grow in its own lifetime, the one it shares with the cosmos. Focus on a single ripple in that flow and you will see. Now. An eternal moment that we exist within. Forever changing. Forever transient, and forever embodying everything that we have just seen. All happening as I speak, every one of these fluctuations taking place simultaneously.



Open your eyes. See the world around you. Look at your immediate reality. Use your powerful organic lenses that they are, to understand how each of these dimensions cannot be seen, no matter how much you see around you through those windows of skin on your skull...





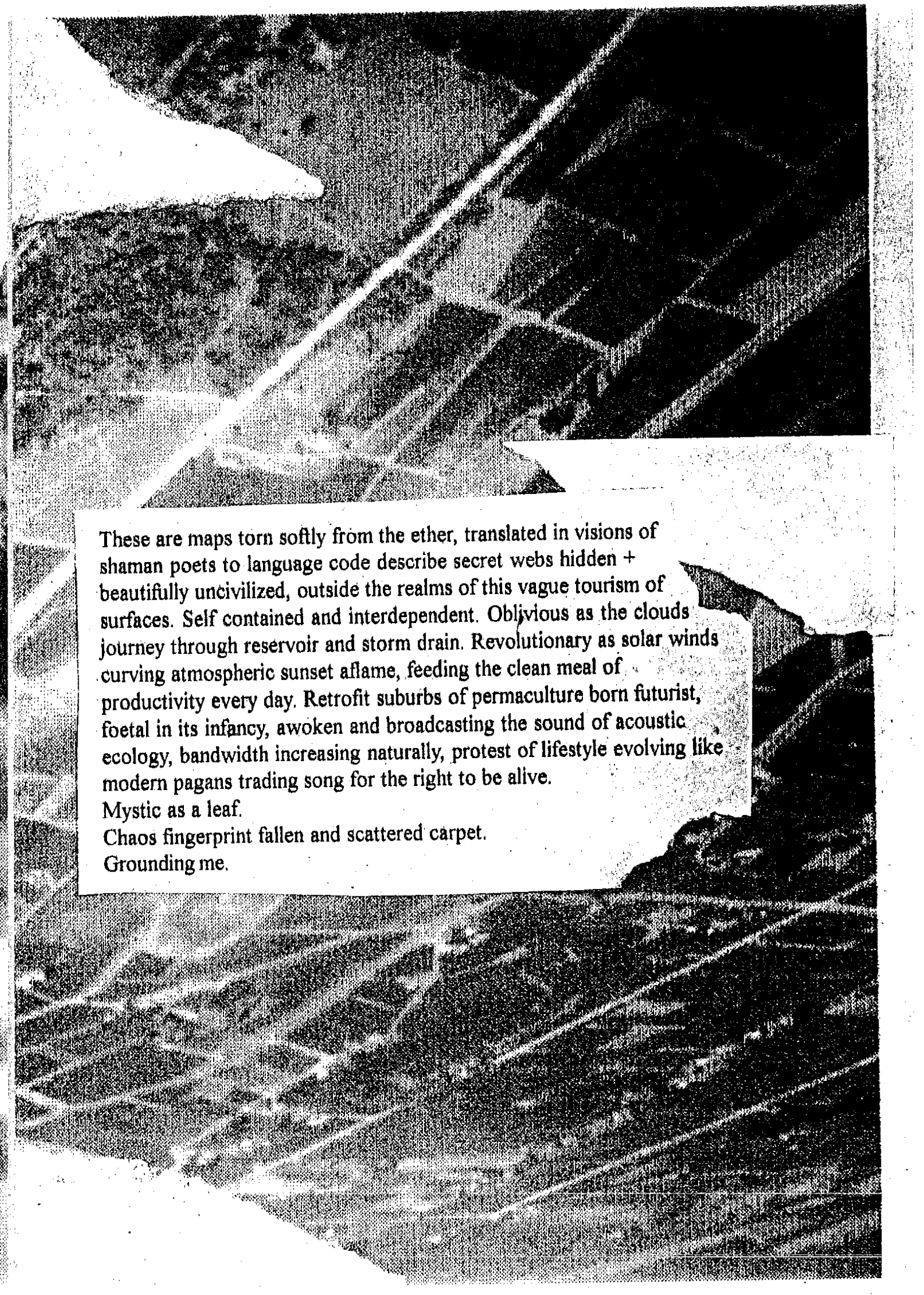
I opened my eyes to the daylight. My pupils taking a few seconds to adjust. My mind taking a little longer. The complex world I had meticulously constructed, layer upon layer in my head disappeared. At first I did not move my head, only my eyes, stretching them as I did to their full strata. Then like an owl I cocked my head, surveying the scene around me.

The class was sitting under the flame tree atop the Looking Point. Sun light streamed through the red poinciana flowers above us. A stained glass window, projecting soft speckles of light over the group. Past the tree was the edge of the plateau with the valley sprawling out in rolls below. I could see down hill, nestled deep in the forest the buildings of the Solstice Institute where we had walked from this morning. Further afield the small township centres dotted the green landscape. I could almost see the activity of each community going about it's day as I saw them. Further on where the solar fields, stretching into the horizon. A brilliant shine on the earth surface you could like photosynthetic clothing. The Valley seemed vibrant and full of life that I realised I was sensing rather than seeing, but it made what I saw seem so much more. Alive.

That night, meditating on the Goddess temple silent but strong, he felt her love like benign radiation, given free as the sunlight, passed on from her father the sun. He saw her precious metals hidden by long retired demigods of time, like gifts for our symbiotic evolution. Machines like brothers of utility, tireless slaves of our creation. Minerals multiplied by Mind, making us all billionaires entrusted with her treasure. Altruistic materialism, natural and pantheist – an essential piece of the nativity play we were casting.

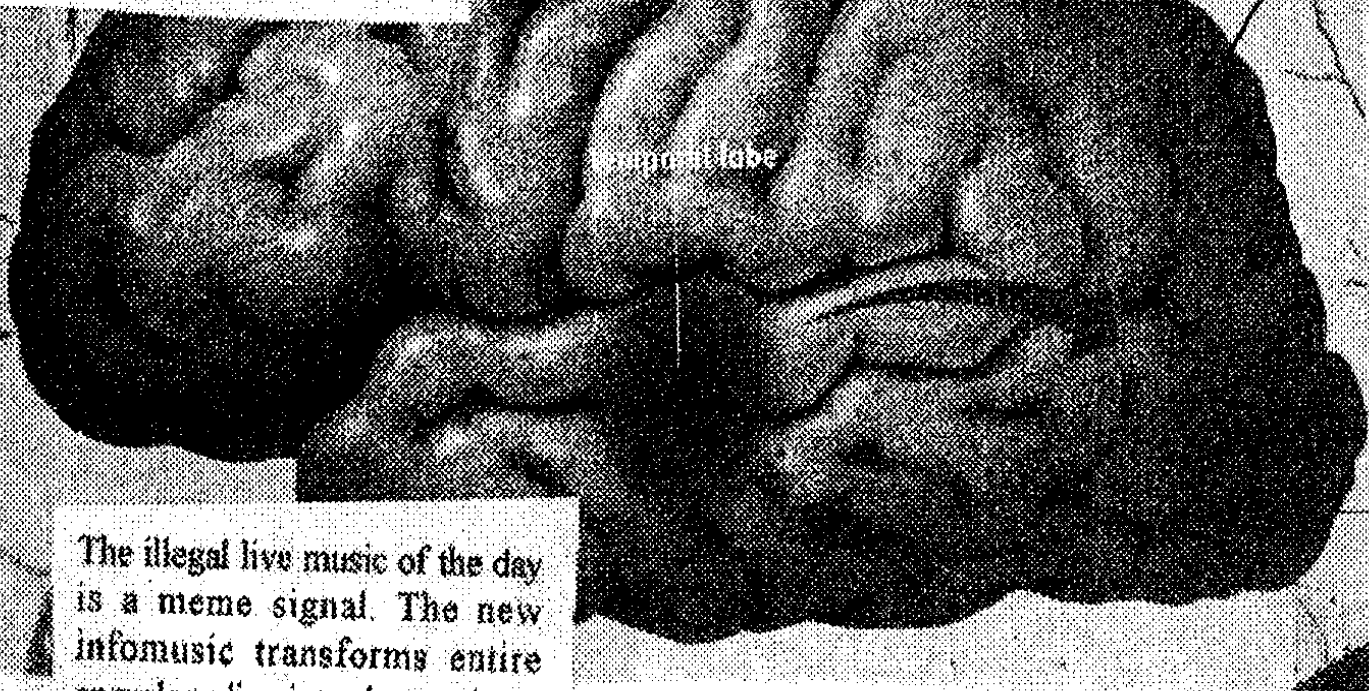


She said: 'don't you see by now? It's too late for violence. It's day is a massacre on both sides, full of the collateral of soul. You cannot fight with that weapon without becoming its tool so let it pass from your history booklet. Give it only dishonourable mention, then outcast it like an exile from Ourstory.'

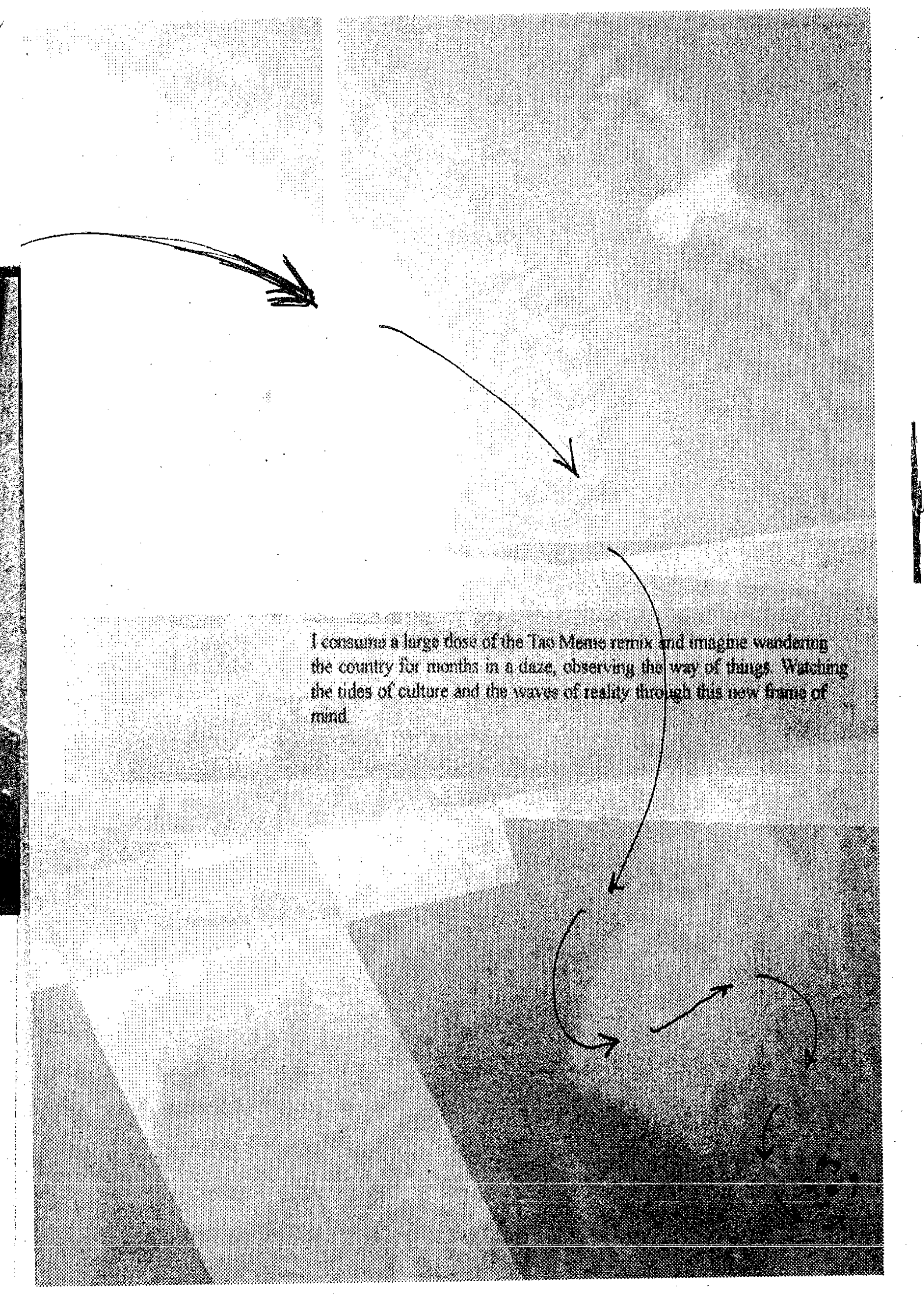


These are maps torn softly from the ether, translated in visions of shaman poets to language code describe secret webs hidden + beautifully uncivilized, outside the realms of this vague tourism of surfaces. Self contained and interdependent. Oblivious as the clouds journey through reservoir and storm drain. Revolutionary as solar winds curving atmospheric sunset aflame, feeding the clean meal of productivity every day. Retrofit suburbs of permaculture born futurist, foetal in its infancy, awoken and broadcasting the sound of acoustic ecology, bandwidth increasing naturally, protest of lifestyle evolving like modern pagans trading song for the right to be alive. Mystic as a leaf. Chaos fingerprint fallen and scattered carpet. Grounding me.

At the Synapse Club patrons drink liquid braincells while a visual sorcerer sculpts on stage live expressions of his soul, amplified by electricity. Strobe lights designed to initiate ecstatic fits after lengthy exposure echo the room in afterthought, flickering infrared shadows through the conversation with my friend, an amateur avatar. Together we chat with gods. Mostly we talk about the weather.



The illegal live music of the day is a meme signal. The new infomusic transforms entire encyclopedias into three minute popsongs, but sales are low. A niche market continues steadily amongst academics and students. Legislation has recently been passed allowing police to break up the infoparties citing cases of supra enhanced consciousness amongst impressionable young minds. The new laws restrict any artform with over 100 ideas per minute, but the parties go underground, held in the forestry parklands under the names "Wisdom" and "Truth".



I consume a large dose of the Tao Meats remix and imagine wandering the country for months in a daze, observing the way of things. Watching the tides of culture and the waves of reality through this new frame of mind.

Dear Season,

How goes your journeying? Do you also miss our time in the Solstice Institute or are your magiks leading you into new and beautiful adventures? ~~the~~

~~Just~~ I realised something the other day.

As we travel these lands, crossing these oceans, swimming through them, did you know they also swim through us?

As we listen for it's heartbeat, our own hearts slowly beat in time with the earth we stand upon. And similarly, as we watch these mad cultures of industry and capital slaves like outsiders, we become aliens for them.

Alienated from their world, but no longer aliens from nature.

We become earthlings.
Remember when we were talking about dinosaurs and mammals? I read that not all the dinosaurs

became extinct. Some evolved into birds.

I have been living the city game for six months now, learning its habitats, surfing its waves of ~~beautiful~~ ^{freaky} people. Reading through its spectacle. Every morning as I eat, I watch the birds in my street, resting on the wires that connect us to corrupted power stations which are busy burning the ground from beneath us, littering her sky with poisons as they do.

The birds sit peacefully and watch humanity, below them, occasionally pickings from our scraps. They're the only native animals that still live here. The rest have been driven out or slowly dried away. Sometimes I speak with them. They have beautiful things to say to me.

They sing above the background noise of engines and the hum of machinery.

They tell me of their world.

Sometimes I wonder if they are angels
watching over us, or out for us.
Aware of the danger we present to their
heaven.

There are so many miracles and so many
atrocities I see every day. These media
portals convey messages that makes our
world seems so bleak I can't help but cry.
Many people I know, faced with all this
knowledge of pain choose simply not to watch
anymore, but their hearts remain open
and their actions on a local level inspire
me. The hollowness of virtual reality,
ignorant of its imposition.

Our silly species, aware but unable or unwilling
to change course. Sometimes my empathy
for this holocaust of reason empties me.

Only the belief that knowledge is
power we can use to somehow evolve
this system error keeps me sane.

There is an empire of distaste that stretches across this green planet. It is made of false idols and rests on empty power structures. Every revolution has been fought against its corruption of equity, every culture is infected with its shallow compromise of soul. But there is a secret history that I am learning has always existed.

It is the narrative of its undoing. A dream spread by poetic terrorists. We break its spell everytime we escape its prisons of illusion.

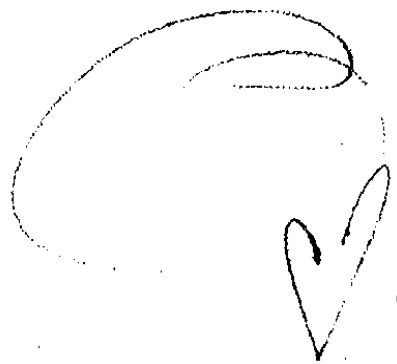
I am learning to wield weapons of mass communication, so that we may transform this organism from within its intellect. A bloodless coup, d'état: evolution, not Revolution.

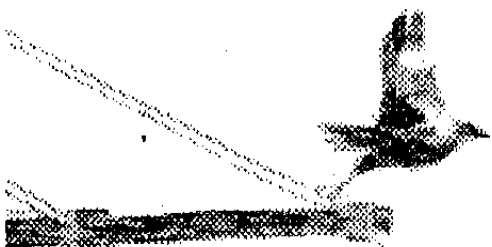
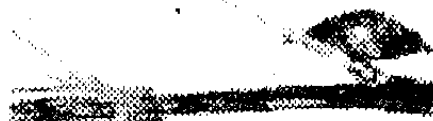
Here I have learnt of this movement
of humanity they call the 'underground',
but I feel we have grown from
that place. It's seed planted
long ago is sprouting.

Our culture is vibrant and fresh.
Organic and alive.

Another word is happening.

We are the Undergrowth.

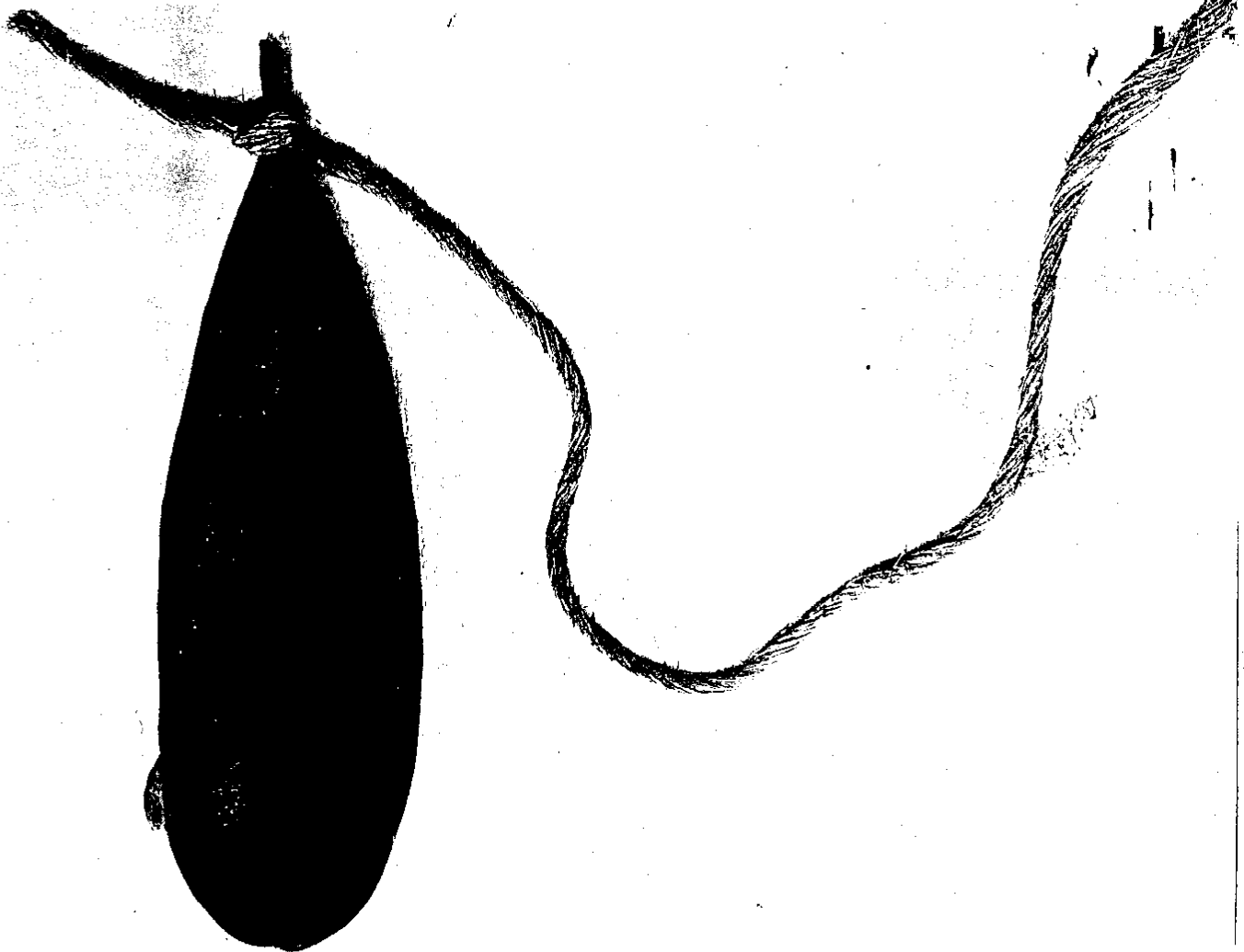




Transformation (of consciousness) is possible because consciousness is not a mirror of reality, not a mere reflection, but is reflexive and reflective of reality. As conscious human beings we can discover how we are conditioned by dominant ideology.

-Paulo Friere

A Pedagogy for Liberation



Thank you for your help

My family. Mum and Dad, Hennie and Grandpa,

Charlotte, Soel, Jeremy + Boyd. Sambo.

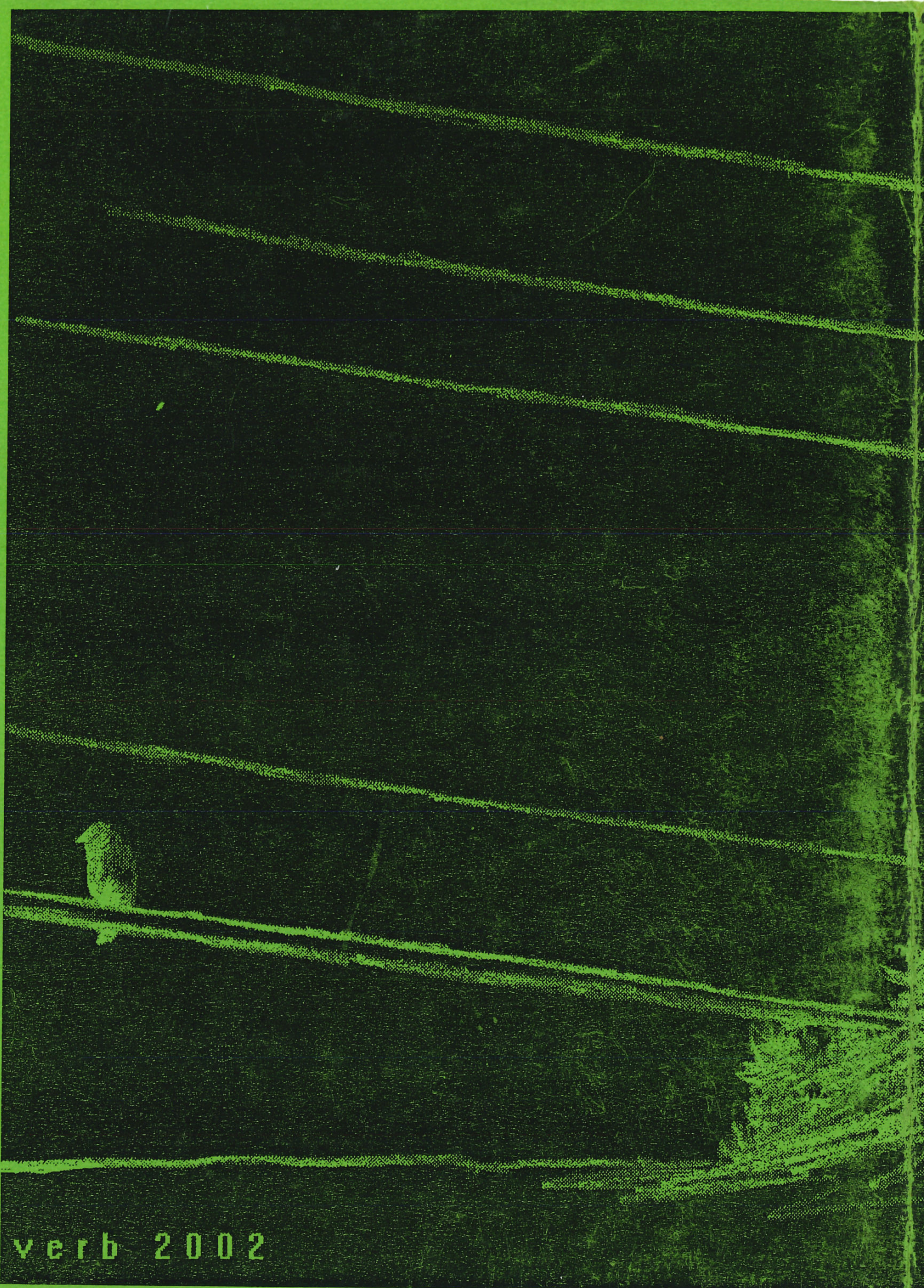
All the kids in Darwin I miss. SKA TV

All the crew in Melbourne Im diggin'

Love Tim

verb@inorbit.com





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